Johnny Morris presents Animal Magic on page ten.

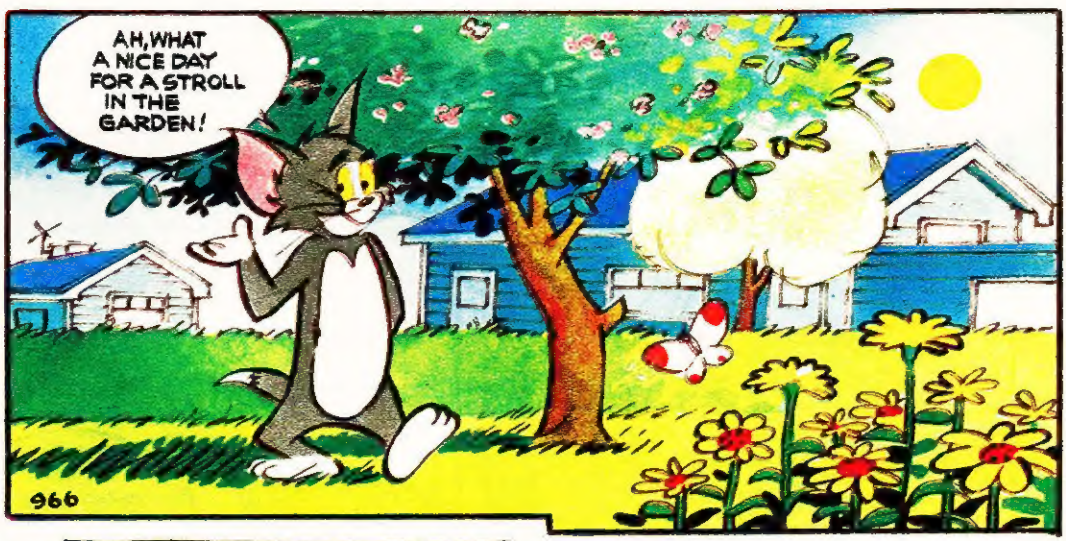
TV COMIC

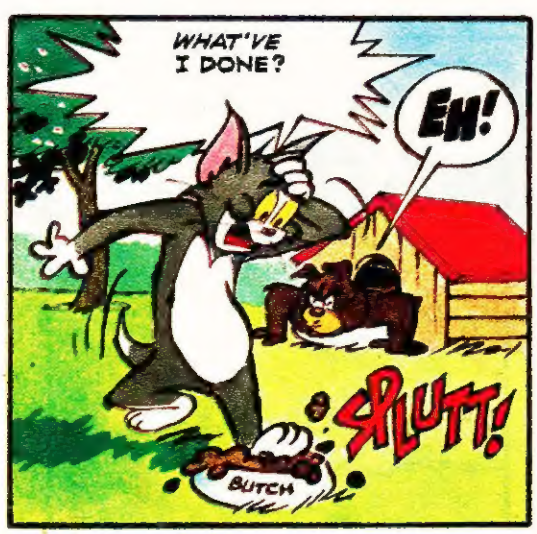
8d

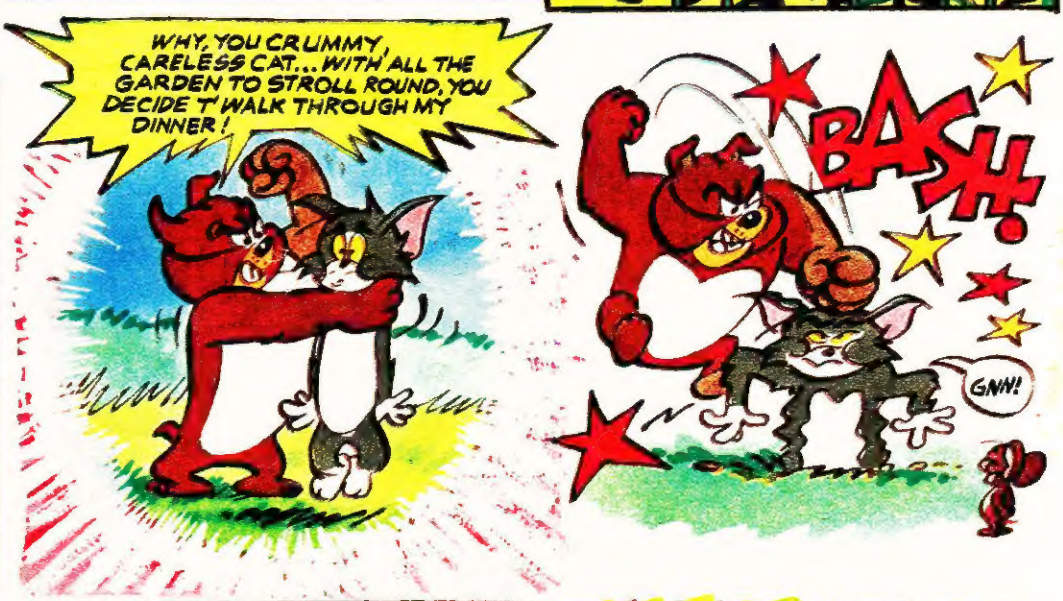
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

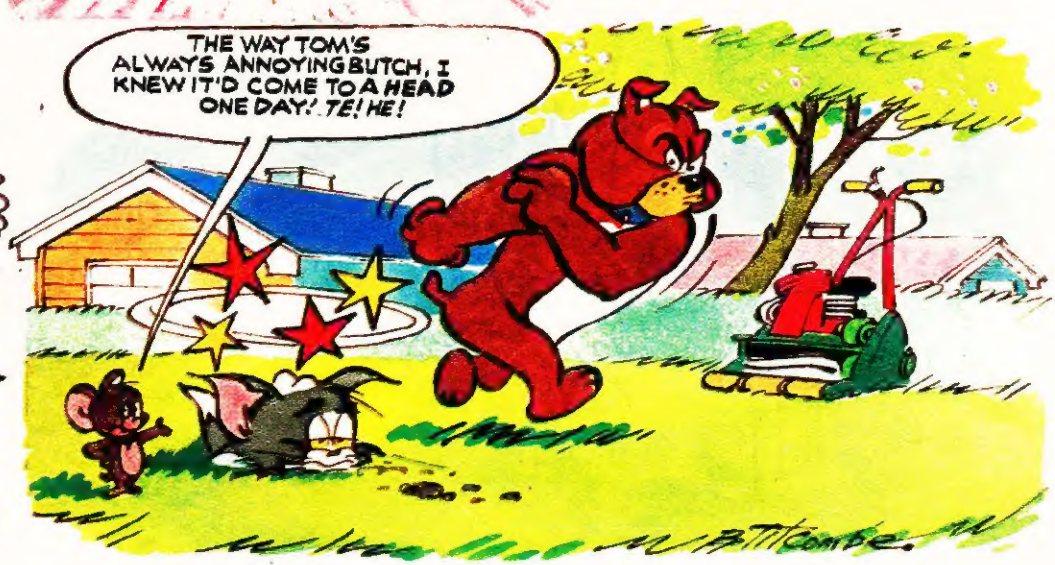
Every Monday | Week Ending 20th June, 1970 | Number 966

TOM and JERRY









Copyright © 1970. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Butch 'cuts up rough' on page 2.

YIKES! BUTCH HAS DECIDED TO CUT UP ROUGH!
POP! POP!
LIFE WOULDN'T BE ANY FUN WITHOUT TOM AROUND! I'LL USE THE MAID'S SPARE WASHING LINE TO SAVE HIS NECK!
THIS CALLS FOR AN ACCURATE PIECE OF LASSOOING!
PHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!
HOW AM I EVER GONNA GET OUT OF THE GROUND, JERRY? I CAN'T SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS LIKE THIS!
NOT MUCH I CAN DO, TOM! 'FRAID I'M TOO LITTLE TO DIG YOU OUT!
WAIT A MINUTE! THAT CIGAR BUTT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
B...B...BUT, JERRY.... YOU COULDN'T... YOU WOULDN'T! GULP!
NO 'BUTS', TOM... THIS BUTT'S YOUR ONLY HOPE OF GETTING OUTTA THERE!
NO! MERCY!... I QUITE LIKE BEING STUCK IN THE GROUND ...HONEST I DO!
NEEAROH
I'VE SUDDENLY GOT A BURNING DESIRE TO SEVER OUR FRIENDSHIP!
POP! POP!
THERE'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU! HUH!

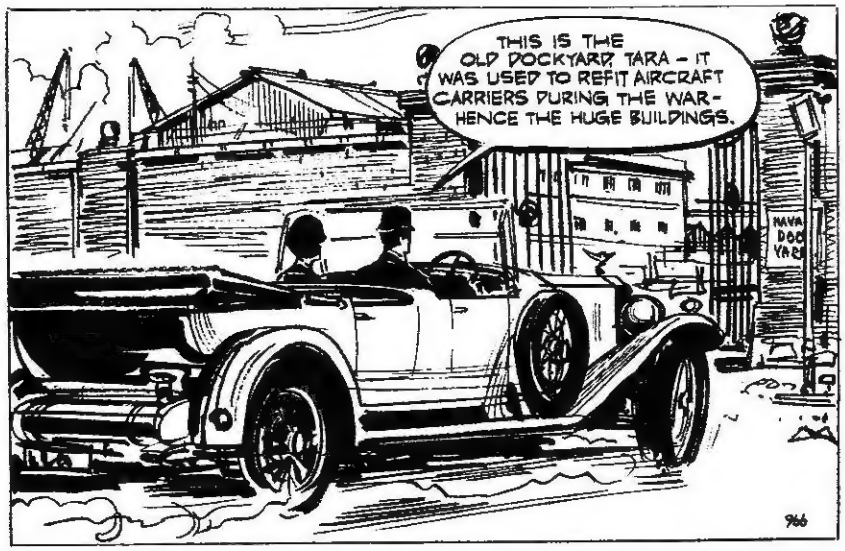
Tom gets battered on the beach next week.

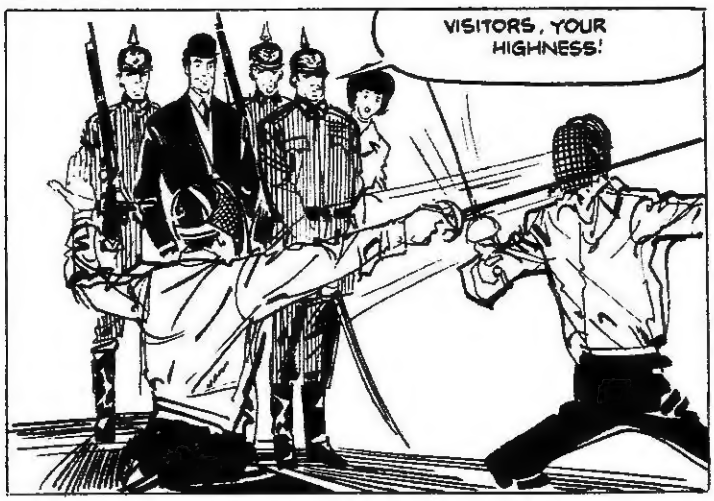
TV Terrors
YOU'RE LOOKING A LITTLE PALE, HOPPIT. I THINK YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD. WHY NOT GO DOWN TO THE SEASIDE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS?
I THINK I'LL DO JUST THAT, SIR!
TV STUDIOS
HOPPIT'S HOPPED IT! WE'LL GET ALL THE AUTOGRAPHS WE WANT TODAY!
THAT WASN'T MUCH FUN - IT WAS TOO EASY!
YEAH! IT ISN'T THE SAME WITHOUT HOPPIT! LET'S GO AND SEE HOW HE'S ENJOYING HIS HOLIDAY!
LATER...
SLOSH!
SLAP!
I WON'T BE PALE FOR LONG - THIS SUN LOTION WILL SEE TO THAT!
OH, NO! HERE COME THE TERRORS! THEY'VE COME DOWN TO SPOIL MY FUN!
ONE BOOT WILL SOON SHIFT THEM!
HOPPIT!
OUCH!
WHUMP!
HELP! WHAT'S THE GAME? YOU'RE NOT ON DUTY NOW!
HELP! MY BOOT! THAT LOTION MUST'VE MADE MY FOOT ALL SLIPPERY!
SLIP!
SERVES OLD HOPPIT RIGHT!
SUFFERING SOS's! MY BOOT'S DROWNING OUT THERE - AND THAT LIFEGUARD ISN'T LIFTING A FINGER TO HELP!
WITH A BIT OF LUCK IT'LL SINK!
GRRR!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE! SAVE MY BOOT BEFORE IT GOES UNDER!
YE-EEK!
WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS! BOOTING ME LIKE THAT!
C'MERE, YOU! IF YOU ACT LIKE A BIG KID, THEN I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TREAT YOU LIKE ONE!
ERK
HOPPIT'S NOT PALE ANYMORE, HIS FACE IS BEETROOT RED!
WHACK!
WHACK!
OW! YOW! HELP! STOPPIT!
YES, HIS HOLIDAY MUST BE DOING HIM GOOD. HE'S REALLY GETTING TANNED! HA! HA!

Hair-raising time next week for Hoppit.

THE AVENGERS

AN old hermit tells John Steed and Tara King a fantastic story of how he saw David Rothwell, a British Secret Service agent, fall from a German zeppelin. Steed decides to check a disused naval dockyard, the only place where such an airship could be concealed . . .

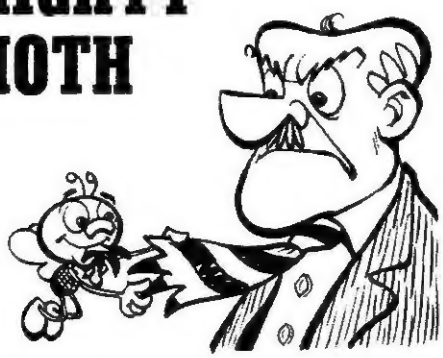

THIS IS THE OLD DOCKYARD, TARA – IT WAS USED TO REFIT AIRCRAFT CARRIERS DURING THE WAR – HENCE THE HUGE BUILDINGS.
NAVAL DOCKYARD
966

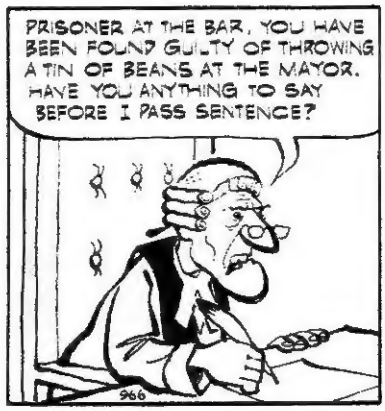


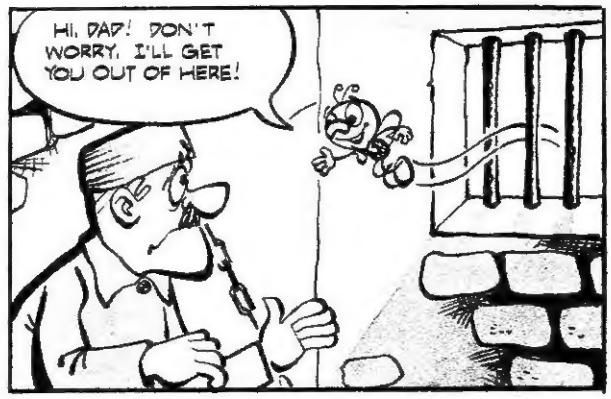
Based on the Thames Television production

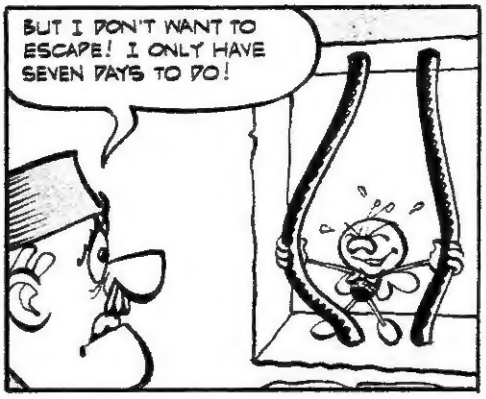
Kaiser Bill of crime! What will Steed do?

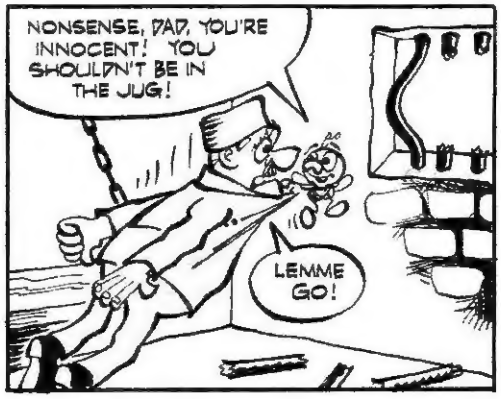
MIGHTY MOTH

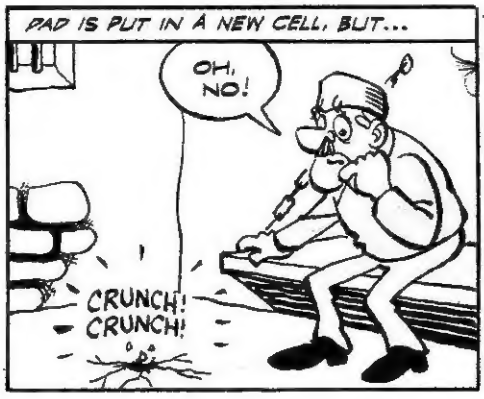



PRISONER AT THE BAR, YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF THROWING A TIN OF BEANS AT THE MAYOR. HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE I PASS SENTENCE?









Meet Mighty and Dad in TV COMIC HOLIDAY SPECIAL. Price 2/-

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE, the Sorcerer from the past, is still trying to fly. Carrot, his young modern friend, is trying to cure him of the idea. And Carrot suddenly has a brainwave. He tells Catweazle that he will show him how to fly that afternoon . . .

MOST NOBLE WIZARD, I TRUST THEE! NOW WILL I FLY AT LAST!
HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M TAKING HIM TO THE FETE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE VICARAGE.
BUS STOP
Local Fete
966

WHAT MEANETH THIS? A DEMON ON WHEELS? BUT THOU HAST SAID THAT I SHOULD FLY...!
IF YOU DON'T BUCK UP AND GET ON BOARD YOU'LL HAVE TO WALK! GIDDUP THERE!

ARRIVED AT THE FETE...
HERE YOU ARE, CATWEAZLE... YOU'RE GOING HIGHER THAN YOU'VE EVER BEEN IN YOUR LIFE... I'VE GOT THE CASH AND I'M GOING TO TREAT US BOTH!
NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH A STRANGE DEMON!
TEN MINUTE TRIPS

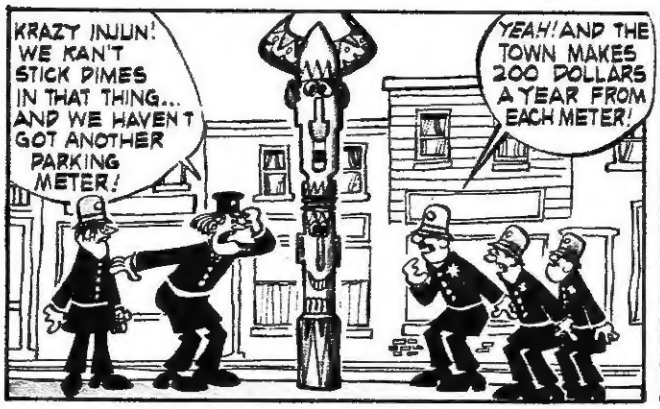
IN THE AIR...
CONTACT! AND WE FLY! WE FLY! 'TIS THE MAGIC WORD AT LAST!
CRUMBS! WHY DID I BRING HIM ON THIS TRIP? HE'S GOING DAFT!
HE'S MAD!
OOH!

© 1970. London Weekend International Ltd.

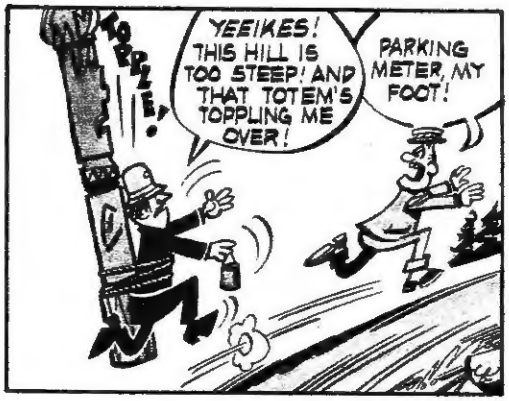
Is this the end for Catweazle ? See next week.

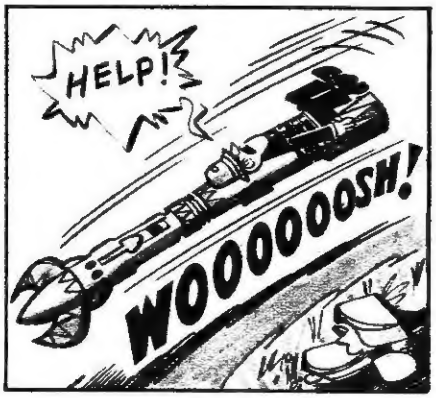
Bob Monkhouse's **MAD MOVIES** *featuring the Keystone Kops*

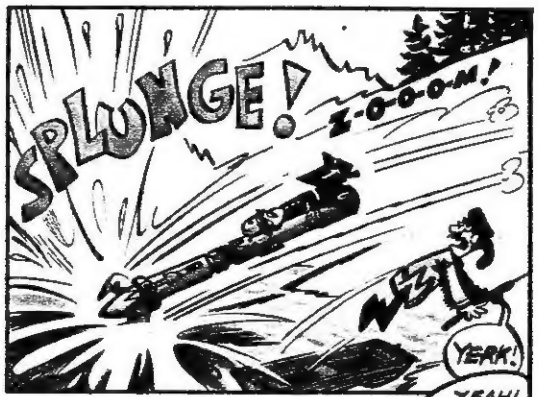
ME DO SWOP WITH UM PALEFACES! ME SWOP UM TOTEM POLES!
CHOP! CHOP!
CHOP!
ME MUST BE UM KRAZY! PALEFACE TOTEM NOT UM PATCH ON UM INJUN MODEL - BUT IT MAKE UM CHANGE! HEH-HEH!
KRUMBS! I'D BETTER TELL THE KOPS ABOUT THIS!

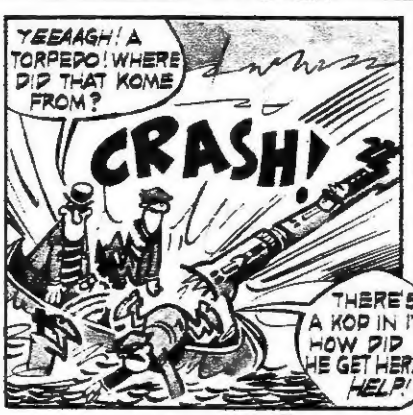

KRAZY INJUN! WE KAN'T STICK DIMES IN THAT THING... AND WE HAVEN'T GOT ANOTHER PARKING METER!
YEAH! AND THE TOWN MAKES 200 DOLLARS A YEAR FROM EACH METER!

YOU KAN'T FOOL ME! THAT'S NO PARKING METER! YOU 'LL GET NO KASH OUT OF ME!
GRR! THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, BUSTER, THIS JOB IS BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT NOT GETTING THE KASH FOR IT!
FELLAH KOPS, HELP ME KATCH THIS BLOKE! HE WON'T PAY!
WE KAN'T, THE KROOKS HAVE ROBBED THE BANK AGAIN!
STORE









BAH! WHAT ROTTEN LUCK!
I RECKON THIS METER'S EARNED ITS KEEP AFTER ALL - THERE SHOULD BE A 1,000 DOLLAR REWARD!
YEAH! FIVE YEARS WORK IN ONE DAY! YOU CAN GO BACK ON THE BEAT, KONSTABLE!

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

You kan't tell Kop from Krook next week!

Tich and Quackers

GOSH! I'M TIRED OF PLAYING, QUACKERS... I THINK I'LL GO TO BED!

ME TOO! YAWN!

OH NO YOU DON'T! YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BED UNTIL YOU'VE CLEARED UP THIS MESS!

AW, RAY, WE'RE TIRED!

CRUMBS, QUACKERS! IT'LL TAKE US AGES TO CLEAR UP THIS MESS AND SWEEP UP AFTERWARDS

HALF A MO'! NO NEED TO PUT IT ALL AWAY... WE'LL JUST SWEEP IT UNDER THE BED!

NAUGHTY... BUT CLEVER, TICH!

MINUTES LATER...

TEE-HEE! RAY WILL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE! INTO BED, QUACKERS!

I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!

BOUNCE!

? ?

SQUEE-EEEEK!

HELP! THERE MUST BE A MOUSE UNDER THE BLANKETS! *GULP!*

A B-B-BIG MOUSE! *HELP!*

OUT! OUT YOU COME, YOU BRUTE!

YANK!

THERE'S NOTHING THERE, TICH! NOTHING AT ALL!

WAIT A MINUTE! I THINK I KNOW WHAT IT IS, QUACKERS! I'LL SOON STOP THAT SQUEAK!

IT WASN'T A MOUSE, QUACKERS ...IT WAS OUR SQUEAKY TEDDY! IT WAS RIGHT UNDER THE SPRINGS!

SQUEE-EEK!

THAT THING SHOULD'VE BEEN THROWN OUT YEARS AGO!

I TOLD YOU TWO TO CLEAR UP THIS MESS...IT'S WORSE THAN EVER NOW!

WELL... ER... ER... ER...

THIS TIME I'M GOING TO STAY AND *SEE* THAT YOU DO IT!

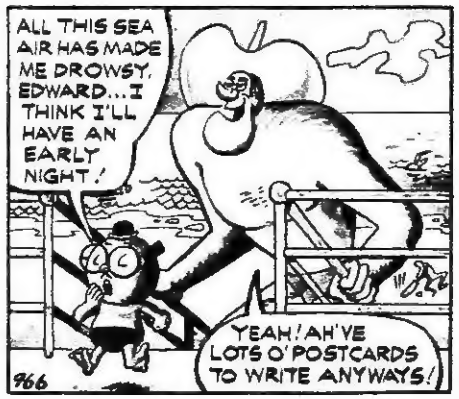
SIGH! YOU CAN'T WIN!

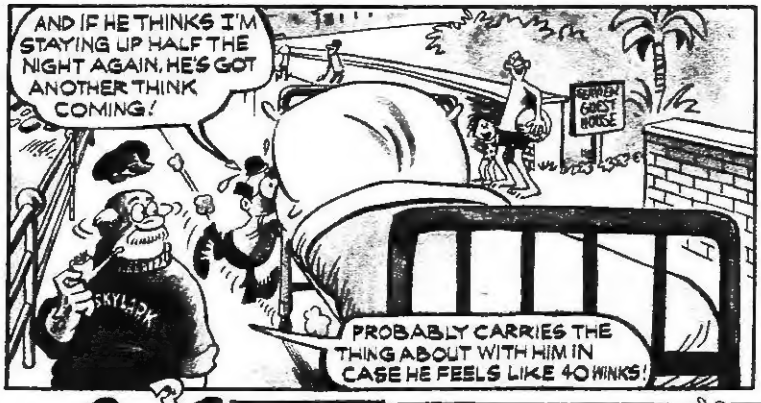
© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970
based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

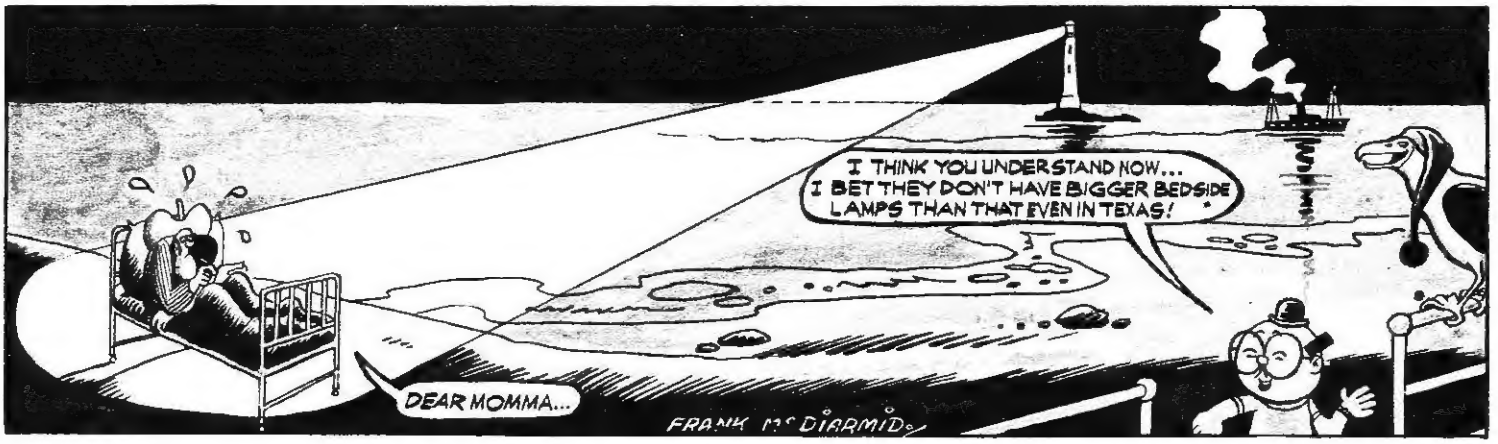
Big laughs next week with big duck ' Quackers !

TEXAS TED

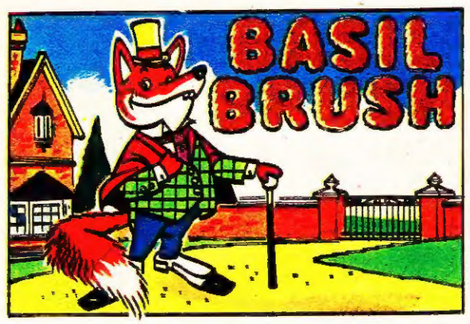
Big hat, big head



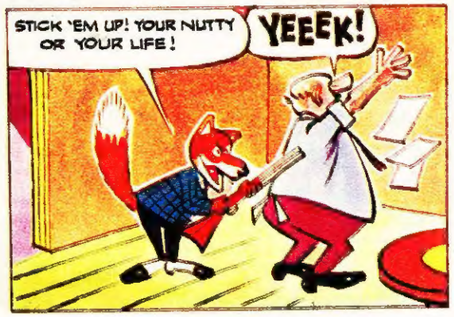

AND IF HE THINKS I'M STAYING UP HALF THE NIGHT AGAIN, HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!
SKYLARK
PROBABLY CARRIES THE THING ABOUT WITH HIM IN CASE HE FEELS LIKE 40 WINKS!



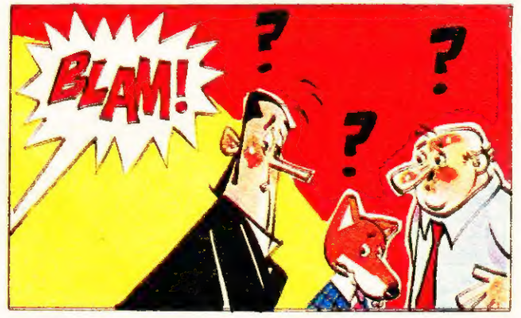
Texas-size titters with Tex next week.

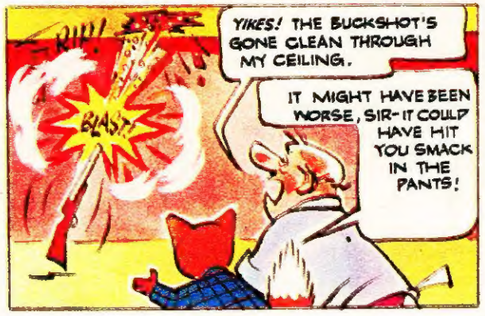


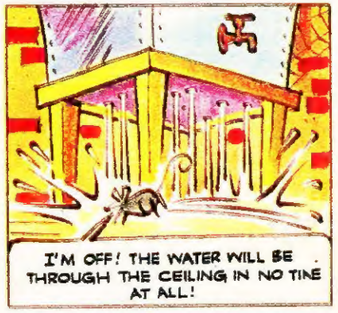
WHY NOT HAVE A COLD SHOWER? IT'S MOST BRACING - AND MEANT TO BE VERY HEALTHY!
A COLD SHOWER? YOU MUST BE JOKING! IT'S A NICE WARM BATH I WANT!

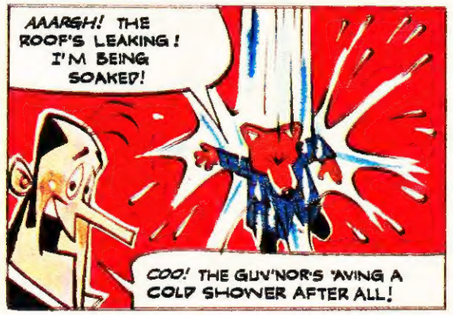


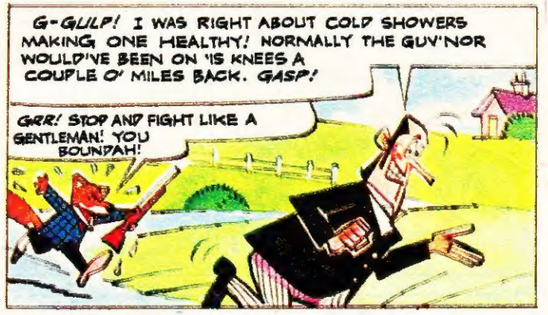
COME ALONG, GUV. YOU CAN'T GO ABOUT HOLDING PEOPLE UP - IT'S JUST NOT YOU. YOU CAN'T BE FEELING WELL TODAY. GIVE ME THE GUN!
YOU'RE RIGHT, CHUMMERS - I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME!




BLAST!
YIKES! THE BUCKSHOT'S GONE CLEAN THROUGH MY CEILING.
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE, SIR - IT COULD HAVE HIT YOU SMACK IN THE PANTS!






G-GULP! I WAS RIGHT ABOUT COLD SHOWERS MAKING ONE HEALTHY! NORMALLY THE GUV'NOR WOULD'VE BEEN ON 'IS KNEES A COUPLE O' MILES BACK. GASP!
GRR! STOP AND FIGHT LIKE A GENTLEMAN! YOU BOUNDAH!

Basil 'brushes' up his past next week.

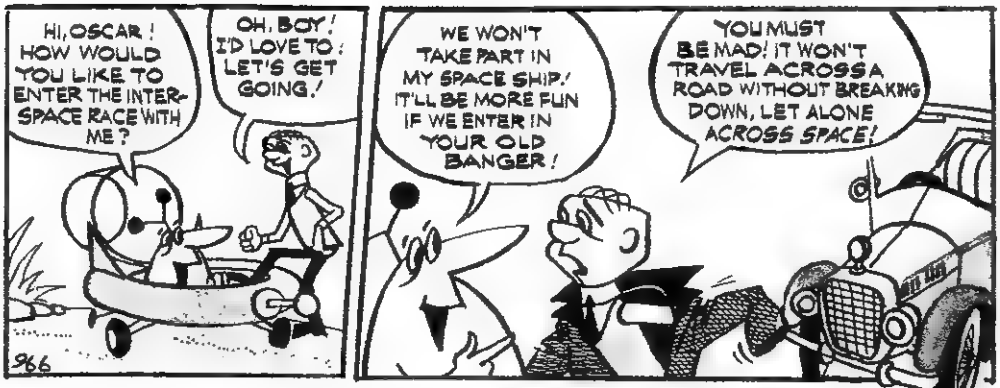
ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

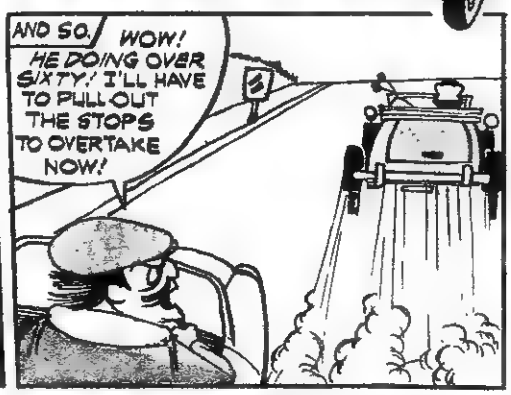
THE House martins have been with us now ever since the middle of April. They built their mud nests in the eaves of the roofs. Sometimes they have to repair their nests.

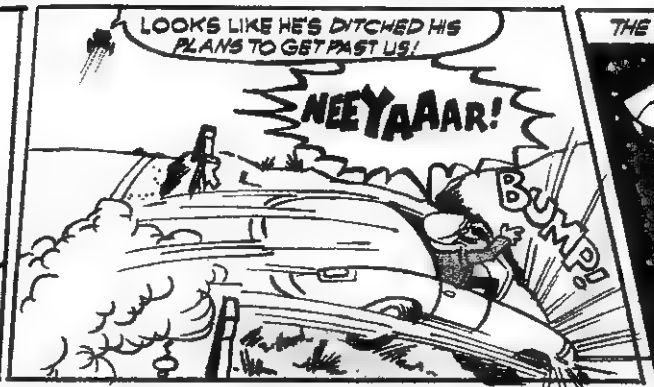
Next week Johnny Morris tells us the badgers' secrets.

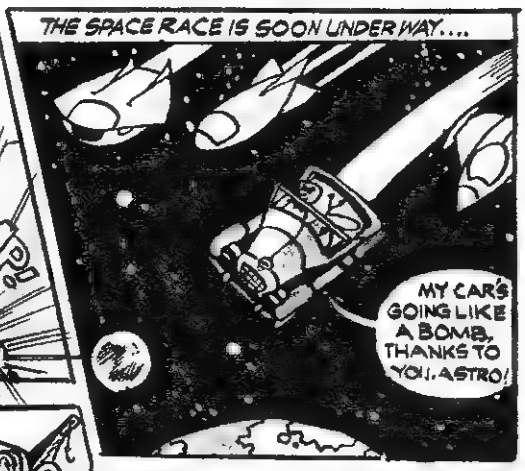
ASTRONUT

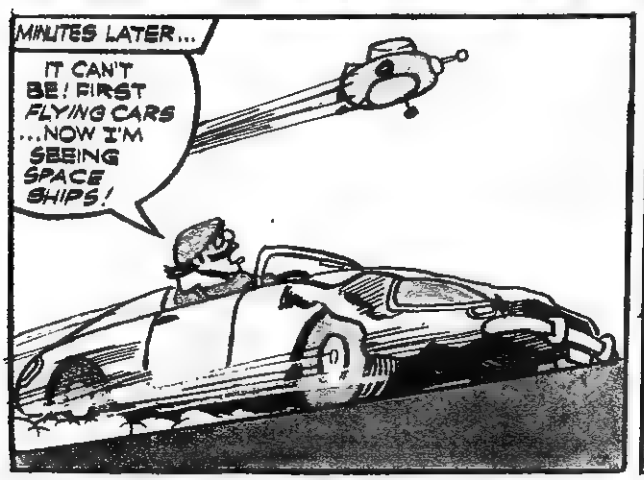

HI, OSCAR! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO ENTER THE INTER-SPACE RACE WITH ME?
OH, BOY! I'D LOVE TO! LET'S GET GOING!
WE WON'T TAKE PART IN MY SPACE SHIP! IT'LL BE MORE FUN IF WE ENTER IN YOUR OLD BANGER!
YOU MUST BE MAD! IT WON'T TRAVEL ACROSS A ROAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN, LET ALONE ACROSS SPACE!
966

BUT ASTRO MAKES A FEW ADJUSTMENTS...
THERE! I'VE PRESSURISED THE CABIN AND REPLACED YOUR ENGINE WITH A ROCKET POWER PLANT...WE'LL PICK UP SOME SPEED ALONG THE HIGHWAY!
SAUBA





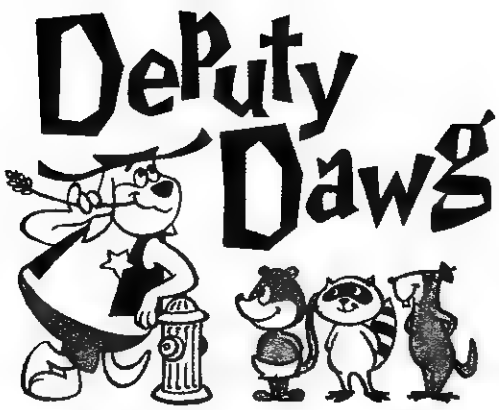




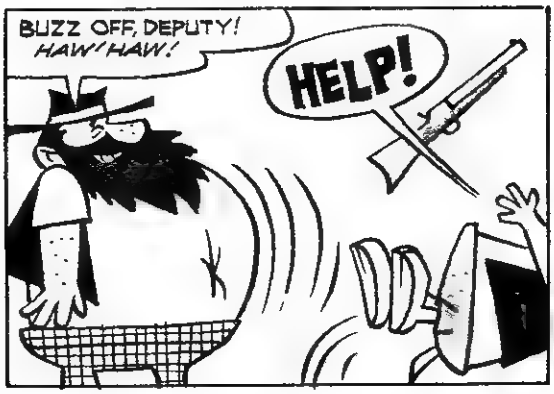
© C.B.S. Inc. 1970.

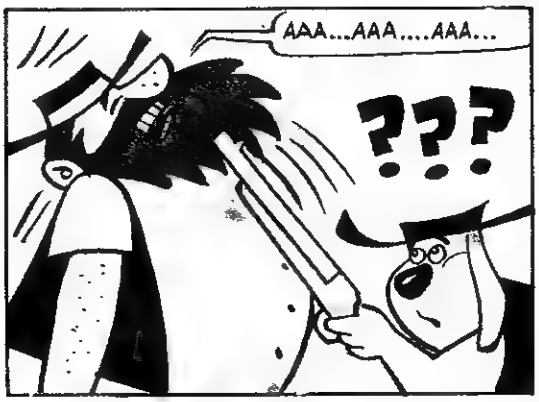
More space fun next week.

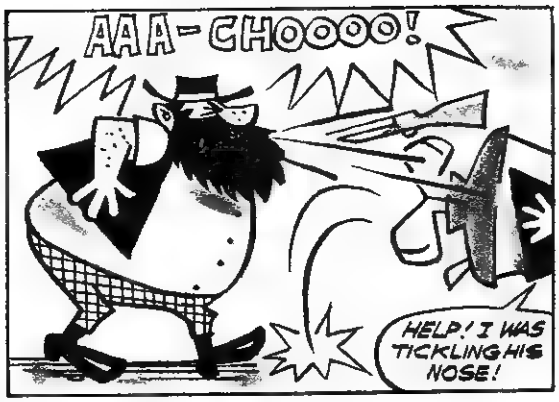
Deputy Dawg

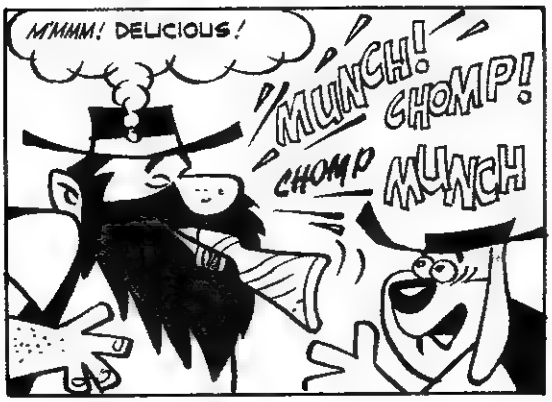


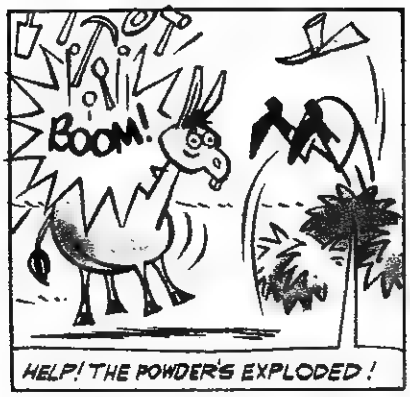
AH'M TOUGH...AND THERE AIN'T A LAWMAN LIVIN' THAT'S TOUGH ENOUGH TO PUT ME BEHIND BARS!
HEH! HEH!
WHEE!
ZIP!
YEEIKES! THEM NAIL FILINGS IS WORSE THAN BUCKSHOT! AAARGH!
966









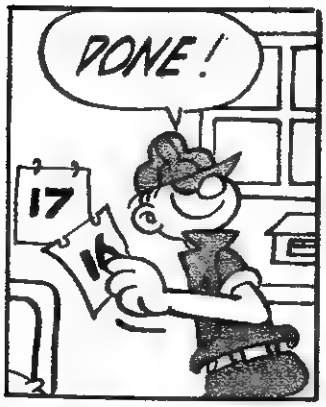


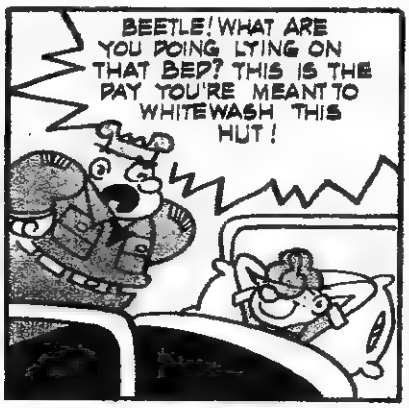
FIRST TIME THAT HANK FELLAH'S BEEN BEHIND BARS.... AND AH DID IT!
WHAT HIT ME?
WITH THIS? AH'VE HEARD OF SAWN-OFF SHOTGUNS... BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

© C.B.S. Inc. 1970.

A horse-shoe brings bad luck to a 'baddie' next week.

BEETLE BAILEY





IT'S BEETLE-BASHING DAY!! GRR!
YELP! CAN'T YOU BE MORE SPECIFIC, SARGE? IT'S BEETLE-BASHING DAY EVERY DAY! IT COULD BE ANY DAY OF THE WEEK!

© 1970. King Features Syndicate Inc.

More military mirth next week.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
PING PONG PUSS
LOOK AT YOU! STILL ASLEEP AT THIS TIME OF DAY! YOU'RE A DISGRACE -GET OUT OF THAT BED AND DO SOME EXERCISES!
EXERCISES?! WHAT'S WRONG WITH SLEEPING? I LIKE SLEEPING.... BESIDES, WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO AROUND HERE?
WHAT ELSE?
THERE'S PING-PONG!! THAT'S WHAT'S ELSE! COME ON, I'LL CHALLENGE YOU TO A GAME!
PING-PONG?
SURE, IT WILL PUT A GLOW IN YOUR CHEEKS-A SPRING IN YOUR WALK-YAK YAK YAKITTY YAK-ETC. ETC.
OKAY, OKAY! GIMME TIME TO FINISH CLEANING MY TEETH, WILL YOU? I'LL PLAT YOU!
LATER...
ACTUALLY, I ONLY AGREED TO PLAY SO AS TO SHUT HIM UP! BESIDES, I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA FOR STOPPING THE GAME EARLY!
I'VE FAKED THIS GOLF BALL TO LOOK LIKE A PING-PONG BALL- AND WHEN I SLAM IT TO HIM-KAPOW! IT'LL SMASH A HOLE CLEAN THROUGH HIS BAT! HOR!
SO...
I HEARD THAT!
SO!
HEY, DAFFY, IF I WERE YOU I'D GET A STEEL-LINED BAT, COZ I JUST OVER-HEARD SOMETHING. LISTEN... PSST PSST!
LATER... OKAY, LET'S GET THIS GAME UNDERWAY! HURRY IT UP!
OKAY! HERE I COME!
KAPOW! HOR! HOR! I'LL CLOBBER HIM WITH THAT ONE!
WHAM!
R.M.
HEY! HEY! LET'S SEE HIM RETURN THAT ONE... GOLF-BALL INDEED!
HEY? THAT'S FUNNY... HE RETURNED IT - I GUESS I JUST DIDN'T HIT IT HARD ENOUGH!
CRUMP
BONG
SAY, WHERE DID THAT BALL GO? I COULDN'T HAVE MISSED IT!
AND HOW COME I'VE GOT A HOLE IN MY BAT? SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOIN' ON!
THOK!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THIS END OF THE TABLE WITH THE BALL ON YOUR HEAD? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HIT IT, NOT CARRY IT!
WELL, WELL, JUST LOOK AT THAT- HE'S GONE BACK TO SLEEP AGAIN!
YEP! HE SURE SEEMS TO LIKE HIS SLEEP! HEE! HEE! HEE!

Copyright © 1970. Warner Bros. Inc All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin U.S.A

Meet Bugs and his pals again next week.

Here come the twelve happy engines

–with Nestlé's 6d. Railway Series bars.
Start your collection right away. Send in three wrappers and 1/- and you'll get a special Nestlé's Railway Album to put all twelve Engines in.

Then you can read about Edward, the oldest engine on the Fat Controller's Railway, conceited Skarloey and all the other engines that live on the Island of Sodor.

Twelve short stories, written especially for you by the Rev. W. Awdry.

Don't waste a minute. Start saving now! **Nestlé's Milk Chocolate.**

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Philip Wood, Shebbear, Devon.

Clifford Cordiner, Hartlepool, Co. Durham

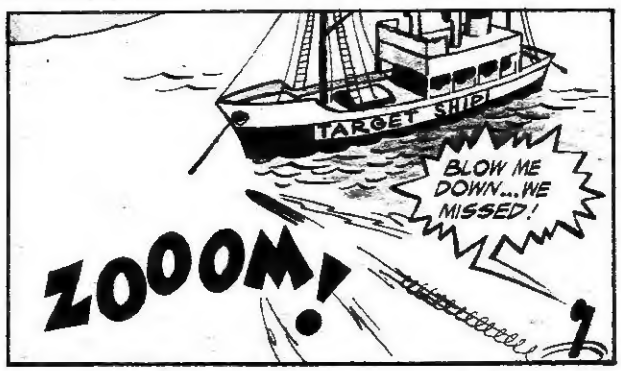
Peter Skidmore, Pontefract, Yorkshire.

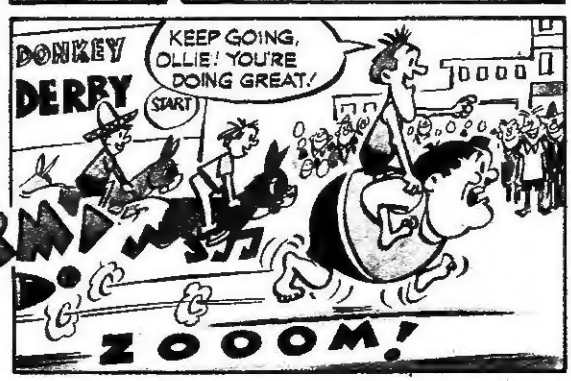
Julia Parker, Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Notts.

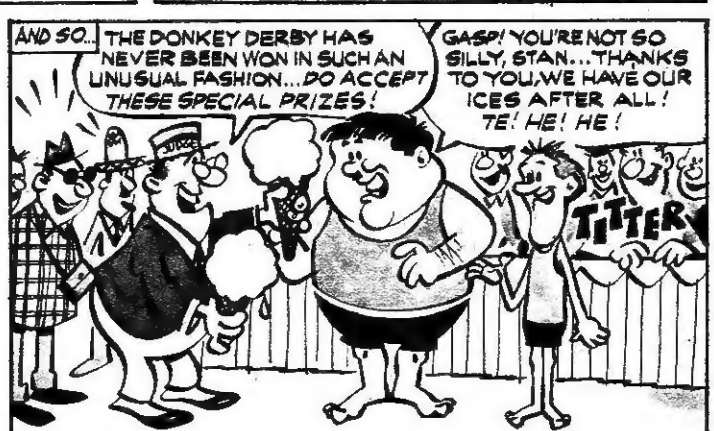
Larry Harmon's

LAUREL & HARDY

© 1970. Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation



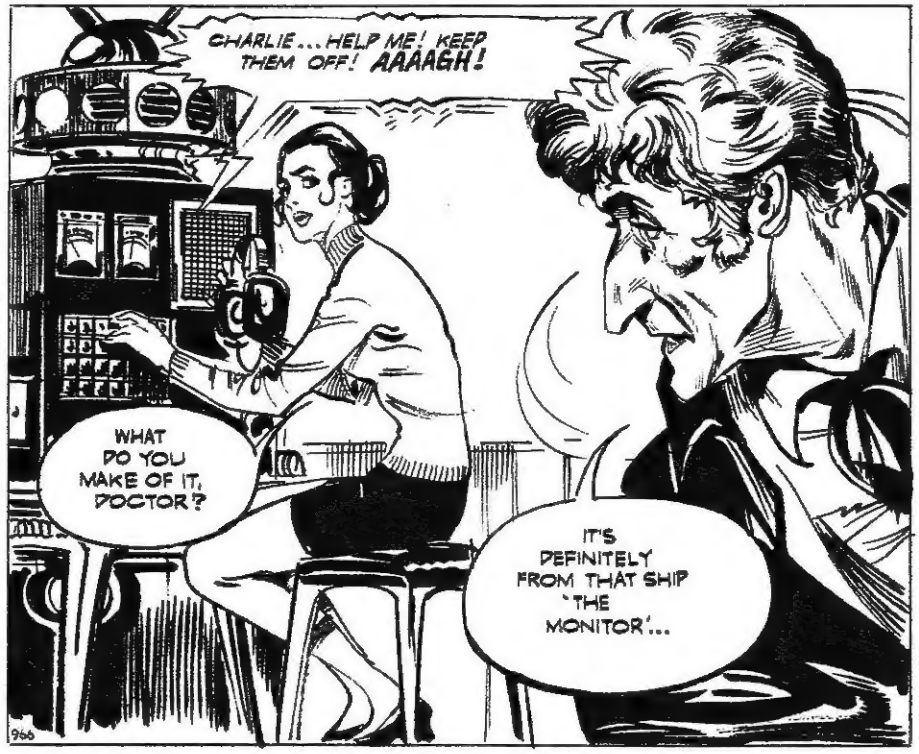



AND SO...
THE DONKEY DERBY HAS NEVER BEEN WON IN SUCH AN UNUSUAL FASHION...DO ACCEPT THESE SPECIAL PRIZES!
GASP! YOU'RE NOT SO SILLY, STAN...THANKS TO YOU, WE HAVE OUR ICES AFTER ALL! TE! HE! HE!
TITTER

TV Comic incorporating TV Express & Rocket and TV Land is printed in Great Britain by Samuel Stephen Ltd., Upper Norwood, S.E.19, and published for the proprietors by Polystyle Publications Ltd., Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London E.C.4. Trade distributors The Argus Press Ltd., 12/18 Paul Street, London E.C.2. Sole Agents Australia and New Zealand, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. © Polystyle Publications Ltd., 1970.

DOCTOR WHO

AFTER testing a new depth charge at sea, Dr. Who picks up a strange language on his radio equipment. Back at the U.N.I.T. laboratory, he tries to tune in on the same frequency, but a coastal patrol radio ship jams the waveband. Then the doctor hears an anxious distress call. . . .



TWO MINUTES LATER...
MONITOR TO S.S. GLASGOW... PROCEED AT 14 KNOTS...
WELL, THINGS SEEM TO BE BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN!
YES, BUT THEY'RE STILL JAMMING THAT FREQUENCY. PERHAPS THE BRIGADIER CAN SUGGEST SOMETHING...

'MONITOR' TO 'S.S. GLASGOW'... ALTER COURSE 4 DEGREES STARBOARD...
THERE'S SOME SUBMERGED ROCKS AROUND HERE. THAT RADIO SHIP IS A REAL BOON TO SHIPPING!

AND IN ANOTHER AREA...
'MONITOR' ADVISES A CHANGE OF COURSE, SIR!
THE FOG IS GETTING THICKER. GOOD JOB THE 'MONITOR' IS PLOTTING OUR COURSE!

© BBC tv. 1970

THE ALTERATION IS MADE... AND THEN...
CRASH!
MEANWHILE...
SO YOU SEE, BRIGADIER, TO IDENTIFY THOSE SIGNALS I PICKED UP EARLIER YOU EITHER HAVE TO SHUT DOWN 'THE MONITOR' OR GIVE ME A MORE POWERFUL APPARATUS.
NOT NOW, DOCTOR... A NUMBER OF SHIPS HAVE MET WITH UNACCOUNTABLE ACCIDENTS. WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO INVESTIGATE.
LUCKILY THERE'S BEEN NO LOSS OF LIFE... BUT IT APPEARS 'THE MONITOR' WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR INCORRECT COURSE DATA!
AS THEY FLY TOWARDS THE RADIO SHIP, DR. WHO EXPLAINS ABOUT THE EARLIER CALLS...
...IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ALARM, 'THE MONITOR' RETURNED TO NORMAL TRANSMISSION.
NOT QUITE, DOCTOR... THAT'S WHEN THE FALSE INFORMATION BEGAN...
THE SHIP LOOKS DESERTED... WHERE ARE THE CREW?
THE QUESTION IS SOON ANSWERED...
THEY'RE ALL SENSELESS... AS IF IN A DEEP SLEEP!
WAIT! THIS ONE IS COMING ROUND!
HELP ME... KEEP THEM AWAY! FISHERMEN... FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

What is the mystery of the ' monitor ' ? Exciting instalment next week.

POPEYE
LONG WAIT WAITER
C'MON, OLIVE – I'LL TAKE YA INTO THA HAMBURGER RESTAURANT!
FRITZ'S HAMBURGER RESTAURANT
WAITER!
YOUR ORDER, SIR!
BLOW ME DOWN! WIMPY A WAITER IN THA HAMBURGER RESTAURANT!
A GENTLEMAN HAS TO LIVE, POPEYE!
WELL, BRING US TWO HAMBURGERS AN' MAKE IT SNAPPY!
TWO HAMBURGERS!
KITCHEN
TWO HAMBURGERS COMIN' UP!
IT IS A MERE TWENTY YARDS FROM THE KITCHEN TO POPEYE'S TABLE – I MUST MAKE IT! (SNIFF-SNIFF!)
BUT, FIVE YARDS ON ...
I AM UNABLE TO RESIST! (MUNCH-MUNCH!)
MAKE IT TWO MORE HAMBURGERS!
TWO MORE COMIN' UP!
ONLY TEN YARDS TO GO!
NEARLY MADE IT THAT TIME, (MUNCH!-MUNCH!)
EIGHT HAMBURGERS LATER ...
HEY, WIMPY! WHERE ARE OUR HAMBURGERS?
I AM SORRY, SIR. I MUST ASK YOU TO CHANGE TABLES!
?
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND DINING IN THE KITCHEN, ONLY IT REDUCES TEMPTATION TIME!
SIZZLE!
SIZZLE!

© 1970. King Features Syndicate Inc.

Don't miss the Popeye Holiday Special. Price 2/-.